

07-Corvallis Magazine 1963 Summer

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"Corvallis" MAGAZINE

Summer 1963

35 Cents

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

You will want to save your copies of "Corvallis," for in it you will find the most complete record, old and new, of this city and county. The anatomy of a home-town where you live or through which you are passing.

Read the "Corvallis" magazine and you will better appreciate this town and the republic that is America.

"Corvallis"

P. O. Box 122
CORVALLIS, OREGON



MORE ABOUT URBAN RENEWAL
FIVE EPOCHS OF CORVALLIS
OLD & NEW IN PICTURES • NEWPORT

Wilson's Pet Shop



Wilson's Pet Shop gets a face-lifting paint job. The building was erected in 1890 and was called "Brick" Fisher's. Last paint job was 22 years ago.



THE PHILLIPS BLACKSMITH SHOP WAS NEAR THE SOUTH END OF 2ND STREET. THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COLLECTION OF VICTOR SPENCER SHOWS CLYDE PHILLIP'S FATHER SHOEING A HORSE IN ABOUT 1895.

"Corvallis"

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WANTED - Short articles, old photos, drawings and other appropriate material.

COVER PICTURE: Wreck of the Oregon Pacific steamer *Caracas* on the jetty near the mouth of Yaquina bay. This was her maiden trip over the bar, and it was generally thought to be a result of sabotage.

LOOKING FORWARD

with TOM WILSON

THE FIVE EPOCHS OF CORVALLIS

All over America towns and cities are changing from the era of small private enterprise into an era of computer-controlled, bankroll-insured, Wall-Street financed, manager-operated monopoly capitalism. That's quite a mouthful. But if you look closely you can see this new change in Corvallis.

EPOCH OF THE PIONEERS

The sturdy pioneers of Corvallis built up a power structure of business and finance that came to an abrupt end in 1893. This was a year of disaster, for the Oregon Pacific railroad was broke, the Hamilton & Job bank closed its doors, the most valuable half of the county was lost to a new county, Lincoln, and the entire country was in a severe depression and financial panic.

EPOCH OF THE SECOND GENERATION

During the next twenty years the sons of the original business pioneers ran Corvallis. This was America's most exciting period of growth and the root of our nostalgia for the good old days. Casey Jones was the engineer, another Casey struck out at home plate, "A Bicycle Built for Two" was in the pile of sheet music on every photograph-bedecked piano; something called unionism had grown out of the old guild system but didn't mean any more to Corvallis people than

names such as Darwin, Marx, Freud or the Book of Enoch.

Among the people who comprised the power elite here were M.S. (More Security) Woodcock, J. M. Nolan, J. H. Harris, Johnnie Hayes, Dick Kiger, Tommy Whitehorn, and J. R. Smith, just to name a few. Blind B. F. Irvine, a great editor, had his office upstairs above the present pet shop, which was the Graham & Wortham drugstore at that time. Jesse Spencer's barber shop was the town's political forum. The old pioneers were all out of the picture.

EPOCH OF THE HUSTLERS

By 1910 William Jasper Kerr, a science-oriented mathematician, had started to drive the spooks out of the old church school and bring the 20th Century to town. The relative newcomers, such as Bob Johnson, Sam Whiteside, A. J. Johnson, and others were constructing a new commercial structure and paving the way for other energetic enterprisers, such as C. E. Ingalls, Wm. Ball, Wm. Konick, and many others who came from the middle west, the east and the deep south.

They tore up the old horsecar tracks, built a brick high school, paved the streets, put in sewer pipes, and closed the theaters on Sundays. The town became larger than Albany.

EPOCH OF THE CHAIN STORES

I remember when old photographer W. S. Gardner told me that he hated to see Wm. Ball bring modern

photography and up to date business methods into that profession here. A few years later, I remember talking to Mr. Ball about the evils of the big chain stores coming to Corvallis. There was some local effort to tax them at a higher rate than for local stores. But they came here anyway.

Today the power structure is built around chain stores, such as Sears, Montgomery Ward, Pay Less Drugs, Lipman's, Safeway, Firestone, Erickson's, Albertson's, Penney's, and others. Without the advertisements of the chain stores we would not have a large daily newspaper.

And the University has taken over the real management of the town. Just before the war, Guy Jordan wanted me to join a certain club, saying to me, "There are no college people in it." That was supposed to be an inducement then. Fifteen years later it was college professors who asked me again to join the same club. The University now has 10,000 students and is expected to double in five years.

Today, without the University here, Corvallis would be more the size of Philomath or Brownsville than as big as Albany which has more industries and is on the main transportation lines. Corvallis has become a college town, and that's that.

EPOCH OF WALL STREET MONEY

There are some millionaires in Corvallis and, if they pooled their resources, a fairly modern business block might be constructed. They might even be able to erect a couple high-rise apartment hotels that the town soon will need. I don't think they'll do it. More likely is the development of Corvallis along the same line that is happening to some other college towns across the country, by Urban Renewal.

In Portland the big money men from California have built a new and better business district across the river from the original downtown city. Salem is changing, too, as the big stores move away from the old downtown and into new shopping centers, and there have been about fifty empty stores in the old part of Salem's business district. Where in Portland the Willamette river divides the new from the old, in Salem the State buildings separate the two parts.

Corvallis is different. The University is growing south; the town is growing north. But we have a beautifully unified, though dying, central business district. This is the ideal place for the main shopping and recreation center, and this is where it will be, just as logically as it was when Jos. C. Avery and Wm. Dixon first laid it out in 1851. It will cost between \$30 and \$50 million, I'd say. And that means Wall Street any way you try to spell it.

When will this happen? It will start within two years and will be completed in less than twenty. That's my guess; what's yours?



Wilson printing plant where Corvallis Magazine is published. Located three miles north on U.S.20.



CORVALLIS PUBLIC SCHOOL, 9TH GRADE, 1898. FRONT ROW: ESTHER BERRY, GEORGE MANGAS, BERTIE BURNHART, JESSIE HUFFORD. 2ND ROW: MAMIE BRAN, DEBERRY, DETLA BURNHART, HAROLD MARTIN, GRACE ELLIS, S. I. PRATT, AGNES WEBER, VICTOR SPENCER. STANDING: HAROLD WOODCOCK, ELSIE LOCKE, BUSH WILSON, EDITH BRISTON, WM. WELLS, MABEL CRONISE, FRANK THRASHER, FRANCES BELKNAP, GLENN GILLETTE, R. GARRETT. IN THE CLASS BUT NOT SHOWN: THOMAS FRY, MAMIE CRAWFORD, LENORE STEWART. (PHOTO BY W. S. GARDNER) ...FROM THE COLLECTION OF VICTOR SPENCER.

A COUNTRY
VISITOR
STROLLS AT
THIRD &
MADISON





OLD CITY HALL WAS WHERE LIPMAN'S STORE IS NOW. FIRE DEPARTMENT WAS LOCATED THERE FOR MANY YEARS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM CLIFF FRANCISCO.



DR. WAYNE V. BURT DRIVES CAT FOR GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES FOR THE NEW OCEANOGRAPHY BUILDING ON OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. SECOND FROM RIGHT IS DR. JAMES JENSEN, PRESIDENT OF OSU.

Agate Hunting, Newport, Ore.



AGATE HUNTING ON THE BEACH AT NEWPORT, PHOTOGRAPH FROM MRS. A.K. BERNAN.

Corvallis Cannery.



EARLY VIEW OF THE CANNERY, PHOTOGRAPH FROM WARREN ROBERTS.

From the Album of Ned Myers



THESE BOYS WERE OUT HUNTING AT THE BEACH FARM IN 1911.
LEFT TO RIGHT: NED MYERS, MASON BURNS, EMMONS BURNS,
ARNOLD MORRISON, RUSSELL MORRISON, CLARENCE MORRISON,
EARL HOUT.

NED MYERS WITH
RAILWAY EXPRESS RIG
1919
FIRST STREET



NED MYERS &
RUSSELL GROSHONG
1922

BUXTON'S CABINET SHOP
AT LEFT. CORVALLIS
CREAMERY AT RIGHT.
1ST STREET.

Dorothy Workman

Brought These

MRS. W. L. WORKMAN
WAS FORMERLY
DOROTHY NEWTON

THESE SNAPSHOTS
WERE IN THE 1920'S



TOP:
JOHN WAGNER, BILL MOYER,
NAP WAGNER, JAP BIER,
TOE STENSON.



LEFT:
JOHN WAGNER, DOC WAGNER,
PRINCE (THE FIRE DEPT. DOG),
ROLAND (TUFFY) DAVIS.



PERT CUMMINGS, TOM GRAHAM, JOHN WAGNER, TOE STENSON



D. D. BERMAN'S GROCERY STORE AT THE CORNER OF 2ND AND MONROE, BEFORE 1910. LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. MEEKER, J. D. D. BERMAN, A. K. BERMAN, LINDSAY SHARPE, J. SAM MOORE, ON HORSE. PHOTO BY COURTESY OF ARTHUR BERMAN AND MRS. A. K. BERMAN.



At the Nash art exhibit, Newport, May 26, 1963. Left to right: Bernadine Richards, Evelyn Wilson, Mrs. Tom Wilson, Ben Hogeval.

THE FAT MAN

If he'd eat less stuff
He'd be better uff.

THE SKINNY WOMAN

With calories added
She'd be nicely padded.

By Laurence Pratt



JESS SPENCER'S BARBER SHOP IN 1899. LOCATED AT 2ND AND JEFFERSON WHERE THE MONTGOMERY WARD STORE IS NOW. THIS SHOP WAS KNOWN AS THE TAMMANY HALL OF CORVALLIS, A FORUM FOR POLITICIANS. JESS SPENCER IS BEHIND THE CHAIR IN WHICH BOB JOHNSON IS SEATED. EDITOR B. F. IRVINE, OF THE OREGON JOURNAL IS AT THE LEFT WITH HIS SON, WARD. (OLD PICTURE BY COURTESY OF VICTOR L. SPENCER, SON OF JESS SPENCER.)



A PICTURE FROM THE 1920'S. LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN D. WELLS, FRANK FRANCISCO, WALTER K. TAYLOR, REV. J. R. N. BELL. (COURTESY OF CLIFF FRANCISCO.)



THE CORVALLIS & FRUSTRATION RAILROAD

PART VI -- PROMOTION OF THE RAILROAD

By Wallis Nash (deceased)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Wallis Nash was an English lawyer and financier who came to Corvallis in 1879 to help promote the railroad to the coast. This part of our story is from his book, *A LAWYER'S LIFE ON TWO CONTINENTS*.

Shortly after we came to Oregon to live the first appropriation for harbor improvement of \$4,000 had been won by Colonel Hogg in an arduous campaign in Congress.

The inception of the railroad lay in the bold proposal of a group of Oregonians who were part holders of the land grant for building the wagon road from Corvallis to tide water on Yaquina Bay. Against many obstacles they had got the wagon road through and had won the lands. Thus came to them the faith that moves mountains. If the wagon road why not a railroad in its place? True it was that the day of railroads in Oregon had not fully come. The main line through the State from Portland southwards

toward San Francisco was struggling along, bit by bit. Money was being wrung out from unwilling holders, who were urged to invest more to save their first ventures. First franchise holders were struggling desperately to hold on to some jumping off place where they might get off and sell out to some greater power. But the Corvallis people took courage as they saw that the big railroad was getting built, even though men were sweating blood to do it. Our valley friends had absorbed the idea that a railroad might be built bit by bit--say ten miles at a time, and that if once started by the first ten miles being built, that could be mortgaged, or bonded, and so money could be found to finish the second ten miles, and so on. Thus men who had between them, possibly, fifty thousand dollars, boldly marched forward to spend a hundred and fifty thousand.

They must have failed if two or three of them had not been dyed in

the wool politicians of the local, or small town, brand. They went ahead.

They incorporated the "Willamette Valley and Coast Railroad Company." The capital was small, but the name was big. So they went to the next legislature of Oregon that met at Salem and asked for a franchise and for State aid. The legislature also was as young in years as it was old in faith. The answer to our friends was simple and apostolic in its form. "Silver and gold have we none," said the legislators, "but such as we have we give unto you." And the gift took the shape of a contract between the State and the infant company whereby in consideration of the company carrying the men and munitions of the State whenever called on, it was given outright the tide lands in Benton county.

So they came back to Corvallis and went to work on the first ten miles westward. Money was scarcer than labor--so they enlisted all the farmers along the line with their wagons and teams, scrapers and shovels. The women fed the men, the bams opened out with oats, and dirt flew. These directors of a moneyless railroad knew, I suppose, that a railroad meant rails and sleepers and cars, and especially engineers--but they literally took no thought for the morrow. This was summertime, and until the autumn rains set in all went well. The county surveyor set out the line, and such trifles as blasting in rocks and cuts they left out and passed on. The Mary's river had to be crossed, but the bridges also were a future task. They had got quite a number of holes in the ground when the rains came on as usual and most of the farmers went home.

Just then entered the *Deus ex machina*, for Colonel T. Egerton

Hogg came on the scene. He was on his travels north from San Francisco; he heard of the road grant lands and visited Corvallis. He found not only the lands but this infant railroad and was both amused and interested. He went on to Yaquina Bay, saw its possibilities for improvement and for future commerce. He went up and down the Willamette Valley, already settled and prosperous, he travelled up into the great forests of the Cascades, he visited the flour mills, and studied the possibilities of locks at Oregon City to open Portland to the trade of the valley, and then returned to Albany with mind made up. His great friend there was the old banker, to whom he brought introductions from San Francisco friends, and in that town he was very kindly received. With credit so established he returned to Corvallis, met the owners of the railroad, and made conditional terms all around.

Almost the first thing that happened after my arrival in Corvallis as a resident was that we got certified to the State of Oregon the completion of the first ten miles of the Willamette Valley and Coast Railroad. Thus the contract with the State in the legislative act was fulfilled and became a living force.

Then came the incorporation of the Oregon Pacific Railroad, which took over the Willamette Valley and Coast bodily and completely, and started in to construct that as the first portion of road crossing the State of Oregon from west on the Pacific ocean to the State boundary on the Snake river, where a trans-continental railroad already in process of construction would meet it.

The first section, from Yaquina Bay to Corvallis, of seventy miles or thereabouts, would join the port with the Willamette Valley, and

was the key to the whole position, for which a considerable traffic was in sight. The main feature was the wheat of the valley, stored in warehouses up and down the river, and in the towns along its course. At Yaquina this wheat, and much other produce, would be shipped to the San Francisco market, en route to the wide world. The rails for that seventy miles were bought in England and brought from England to the Pacific coast in sailing ships, which ships would return to Europe with cargoes of wheat. But the Yaquina bar was not then deepened sufficiently to admit these ocean-going ships of deep draft. So trans-shipment of the rails was necessary. But every facility for this trans-shipment to Albany from Portland by railroad or river boat was refused outright or quibbled about by the Southern Pacific, and we had not then our own ships from San Francisco to Yaquina which might have solved the difficulty, and the laws of Oregon at that time did not provide compulsion for transfer from one road to another on an incomplete journey. We fought through and got, and laid, the rails at the cost of much time, money and temper. Moreover the sparsely settled road between Yaquina and Corvallis provided very little traffic from the country yields on their little farms. So the traffic books could hardly be opened until the seventy miles was complete. Then, also, the seventy miles held much costly work. It was cut, fill, tunnel and bridge until the road emerged from the hills within ten miles of Corvallis. Then we sailed happily across the Willamette Valley for forty miles or so, until we encountered the foothills of the Cascades. But more money and yet more had to be provided.

By this time three new stem-

wheel boats on the Willamette river had been built and set to work, connecting at Corvallis with the Oregon Pacific. The farmers and warehousemen welcomed them, as they were ground under the heel of the Southern Pacific. The Oregon Pacific already was in possession of one steamship on the route between Yaquina and San Francisco, and two others were to follow.

Meanwhile the Willamette river boats were gathering up rapidly the wheat to load the ship. Merchants had already entered the trade and were paying the farmers five cents a bushel more than those still using the Southern Pacific lines could afford to pay. When the Southern Pacific refused to deliver from their cars wheat to us at Corvallis the valley farmers within twenty or thirty miles loaded up their wagons with the wheat. Strings of thirty or forty wagons at a time could be seen through the dust clouds hauling to Corvallis and the cars there. The two trains, Oregon Pacific and Southern Pacific, ran alongside each other at the Albany depot of the older line which already adjoined land provided by the city for the O.P.R. Still the Southern Pacific refused to allow any connection, or any transfer of commodities from one road to the other; and forced all imaginable obstructions in our way.

(To be continued)

We have been out of all back copies of CORVALLIS for some time. Back issues will not be reprinted, as the cost of each issue would be several hundred dollars. But don't worry about it. We are planning to reprint, someday, the best pictures and articles into a little book.



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MAY 26, 1963, AT THE YAQUINA ART CENTER, NEWPORT, WHERE AN EXHIBIT WAS HELD OF THE PAINTINGS OF WALLIS NASH AND HIS WIFE. SHOWN IN THE PICTURE, LEFT TO RIGHT: BEN HOGEVAL, JOE WILSON, JACK FOGARTY, ROD NASH, VIOLET UPDIKE, GLADYS BURGESS, LOUISE NASH BARTON. (PHOTO BY TOM WILSON)

The author of our railroad story in this issue, Wallis Nash, was a man of many accomplishments. He was a personal friend of Charles Darwin and the great Gladstone. He was a lawyer, musician and artist, politician, and financier.

WALLIS NASH came to Oregon in 1877, passed two years in Benton county and then returned to England. He then headed an English colony that came to Benton county, which then included what is now Lincoln county.

With Judge Strahan and Judge M. L. Pipes, Mr. Nash helped frame the constitution of OAC and had it ratified by the legislature.

Born near London, England, in 1837, Mr. Nash studied law at the University of London and later became a senior member of Nash & Field, solicitors, of London. Always interested in new ventures, Mr. Nash

secured Alexander Graham Bell's patent rights to the telephone for England, and the first telephone in that country was in his office, the first message passing from there to Queen Victoria, at Osborne House.

Other important projects of their firm were the financial agreements for the first Atlantic cable for Cyrus Field and for a large Brazilian railroad, and Mr. Nash helped in the framing of the first "limited liability" which passed by act of Parliament.

Mr. Nash later met Colonel T. Egerton Hogg in London, a southerner who was much enthused over the great possibilities of Oregon, and came with him to the new country, first in 1877 and returning in 1879. He was second vice president of the Oregon Pacific road for many years.



VIEW OF NEWPORT LOOKING EAST FROM NYE BEACH. LARGE BUILDING IN CENTER FOREGROUND IS THE NATATORIUM. PART OF YAUQUINA BAY SHOWN IN UPPER RIGHT.

Until 1893, Newport was in Benton county, and the golden dream of the early railroad promoters was that it would be the western freight terminus for the interior of Oregon, with Corvallis as the metropolitan center of the state.

Things didn't work out just that

way, but the dream has persisted. Work has begun on a vast project to deepen the bar at the entrance of Yaquina bay to 40 feet and to widen the ship turning basin, permitting the largest freighters to leave the harbor when fully loaded.

When the highway to Newport

from Corvallis is adequately improved, we can expect a great deal more commerce through here. And with the big oceanography station at Newport working in cooperation with Oregon State University, our ties will be further strengthened.

When Joe Wilson introduced the

bill at the legislature making this highway into U.S.20, from Newport to Boston, he had in mind the same old dream that our grandfather had when he was the first president of the railroad to the coast.

Mrs. Sam Case tells of early Newport

Mrs. Sam Case was the daughter of James Craigie, a Scotchman who came to America in 1835 to work for the Hudson's Bay company. The following is from an interview with her by Fred Lockley in the "Oregon Journal" Nov. 22, 1930.

"Father married the daughter of Toya Pampe Boo, chief of the Bannock Indians....I was born in 1848.

"When Father came here he took up a claim on Olalie slough. Later he took up a place on Yaquina river. I was born at Fort Boise, the old Hudson's Bay trading post, and later went to school at Walla Walla. My sister, now Mrs. James Ferr, and I went to school together. When we came to Yaquina bay we had to come over the old trail on horseback. We got our mail once a week. When summer visitors came to Newport in those days it was a three days' trip from Portland, so they stayed for several weeks. Now it only takes a few hours to come.

"When my husband, Samuel Case, first came here he started a hotel. He was born in Lubec, Maine, May 31, 1831. He went to college at Buckport, Maine. He came by ship to California in 1853. He taught school in California and



prospected for four years, and returned to Maine in 1857, but he found he could not be happy there. It was too quiet; so he came back to California in 1858. He enlisted in company D of the 4th infantry, California volunteers, when the Civil war broke out. He became orderly sergeant. Instead of going East to fight in the Civil war, as he expected, the California volunteers were sent to Oregon. My husband was located for a while on Grand Ronde reservation. He was mustered out of the service in November, 1864, and was appointed farmer for the Alsea Indian reservation. He held this position for four years. While he was farmer for the Alsea Indians he took up the claim on which Newport is located. This was in 1866. My husband served as one of the three peace commissioners to treat with the Modoc Indians in 1873. He could not agree with the policy being pursued, so he resigned."



BAY BLVD., NEWPORT, EARLY 1900'S. BUILDING AT FAR END OF STREET IS THE OCEAN HOUSE HOTEL OF SAM CASE. COAST GUARD STATION IS THERE NOW.



EXCURSIONS FROM THE VALLEY BROUGHT VISITORS TO THE BEACH EVERY WEEKEND. SOME BROUGHT TENTS AND STAYED AWHILE. THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS WERE MADE BY CRAWFORD & PAXTON, OF ALBANY. SUCH PICTURES WERE SOLD ON THE EXCURSION TRAINS BY THE NEWS BUTCHERS. (PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF BUZ INGALLS).

With Malice Toward One

By Bonnie Higbsmith

NOT EVERYONE is fortunate enough to be a native Oregonian, therefore, the population of Oregon is made up partly of immigrants from other states. It wasn't until about 1942 that Oregon began to expand almost beyond decency.

That was the beginning of the shipyard years and the foreigners descended like swarms of locusts.

They came from everywhere; Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, but mostly they came from Kansas; to take up squatter's rights in the greatest state in the world.

Most of them are still here, living off the fat of the land and using every breath of Oregon air they draw to curse the rain that fills the rivers and streams, grows the finest forests anywhere, irrigates the largest berry fields in the country, and keeps the foreigners from returning to their dried-up native lands.

Any good Christian Oregonian will admit—under torture—that it does rain a *trifle* more in Oregon than a few other places, but to have a damned Kansan, born and bred in the devil's own out-house, come out to God's country and gripe about the one thing that could make Kansas fit to be part of the U.S.A. is enough to curl the moss on the back of any red-blooded Oregonian.

Kansas, laughingly known as the "Sunflower State", is the central state of the United States—like a hole in the middle of a doughnut; serving no purpose whatsoever—a solid mass of absolute nothing—82,276 square miles of nothing.

Fortunately, Kansas is bounded on the north by Nebraska, on the east by Missouri, on the south

The author lives at Lebanon, Oregon. An immigrant from the sunflower state, she is now bent on growing moss on her back and getting webbed feet. This hot blast almost made Atlantic Monthly, whose editor liked it but admitted he didn't have the guts. We are sending copies to sheriff Dillon and his limp legged deputy, Chester, of Dodge City.

by Oklahoma, and on the west by Colorado, which is the only thing that keeps this dehydrated body of terra firma from blowing off the face of the earth. (This would be a hell of an improvement to the country.)

According to the Encyclopedia Brittanica, the average temperature of Kansas is 54.9 degrees. In LARKS IN THE POPCORN, H. Allen Smith writes about a fellow whose favorite pastime is searching for errors in encyclopedias. I wonder if he found that one.

A funny thing happened to me in Kansas once; I had a heat stroke and damn near died. It was in the middle of August and it was 120 in the shade. I could say "and no shade," but that would be an out and out lie, because there *was* shade—at least five square feet of shade from a pawpaw tree. And I was lying right in the middle of it having a heat stroke.

The only thing that kept me from giving up was the realization that if I died, there was a chance I might be buried in that God-for-saken place.

When God made the world he used most of the green he had on Oregon. By the time he got through he didn't have enough left to go around and it had to be thin-

ned down considerably. When he finally got around to Kansas, he was not only out of green but every other color. Being in a jovial mood, he said to himself, (there was no one else to talk to) "Just for the hell of it, I'll leave this one plain." (Only he didn't say hell.)

Kansas lay dormant and colorless for several million years and God had forgotten all about it.

By the time Coronado and his men came across it in 1541 it was in pretty bad shape, and let me tell you, they like to died laughing. They laughed so hard all the back to Spain that if the world had still been flat they would have sailed their damn ship clean off the edge of the ocean.

Well, finally, years later, the white men came along and took Kansas away from the Indians. (Actually, the Indians gave it to them.)

By the time these settlers realized what they had gotten themselves into it was too late, but they had a sense of humor, if nothing else, and tried to make the best of it.

They decided to farm the land. They planted wheat and prayed for rain, but unfortunately, Kansas was not in God's jurisdiction, so the rain didn't come. But the wind did.

So they planted wheat again. This time they tried digging for water, but all the holes filled up with oil and made a hell of a mess. And the wind came again.

Then they decided that if they used a heavier seed it might stay in the ground better. So they planted corn—it blew away.

One particularly bright young man in the group came up with a brilliant solution. He cut peices of string—probably buffalo gut—

and tied the end of each to a kernel of corn. Then he planted the corn in staight rows. He placed rows of large stones parallel to the rows of corn and tied the other ends of the strings to the stones.

The wind came. But the corn stayed in the ground—or rather, a few inches above it. After each storm they'd push the kernels back into the ground until, eventually, they took root.

In due time they became quite adept at raising corn. Kansas is still considered the corniest state in the U.S.A.

In spite of the cruel joke that was played in the beginning of time, Kansas has done a pretty fair job in its battle with the elements. And maybe, with a little determination, Kansas will rise—again—and again, and again, and again.



Assistant editor of Corvallis Magazine, Phyllis Hanson, at our new Varityper (a \$3,000 typewriter). Miss Hanson also helps run Wilson's Pet Shop located on south 2nd Street.

FROM THE EDITOR'S ALBUM



Mrs. B. W. Wilson holding Ted Wilson for picture in 1907. Standing in your editor, Tom Wilson. Ted died in 1950. Photograph was made by W. S. Gardner.



THE BUSHROD WASHINGTON WILSON HOUSE FACED EAST AT THE CORNER OF FIFTH AND JEFFERSON. BUILT IN 1861 AND RAZED IN 1908, IT WAS FIRST HOUSE IN CORVALLIS TO HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHTS. YOUR EDITOR LIVED THERE IN 1907.



THE B.W. WILSON FAMILY ON FRONT PORCH OF PIONEER HOUSE AT FIFTH AND JEFFERSON. MR. WILSON CAME TO OREGON BY WAY OF CAPE HORN IN 1850. HIS WIFE CROSSED THE PLAINS IN 1852. ALL OF THE PEOPLE SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE ARE DEAD. YOUR EDITOR IS THE ONLY DESCENDENT OF THE FAMILY LIVING HERE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE BY THE PERNOT BROS. IN 1880.

Lafayette Yantis Wilson, b.1856, holding his daughter Agnes. Married Inez St. Clair, daughter of Territorial Representative Wayman St. Clair.

Eliza Belle Wilson, b.1858, holding son George Walker. Married J. B. Walker, editor of "Scientific American."

James Offin Wilson, b.1860, with Grace Wilson, daughter of Lafe, who became Mrs. A. G. B. Bouquet. "Off" was county judge here. Married Lulu Smith.

Bushrod W. Wilson, Jr., b.1882, sitting on porch. Became a lawyer.

Thomas Edwin Wilson, b.1872. Became a lawyer.

Minnie Augusta Wilson (in center of porch) b.1875. Became bacteriologist for New York City, where she helped discover the influenza virus in 1919.

Bushrod W. Wilson and wife (Priscilla Owsley Yantis). Mr. Wilson was born at Columbia Falls, Maine, 1824.

Inez Wilson (in doorway), wife of Lafayette Wilson. Her father, Wayman St. Clair, had the first store in Corvallis.

Robert Justice Wilson (in front of window) b.1866. At that time he was a surgeon at Bellevue hospital in New York. Became superintendent of hospitals for New York City and president of the American Hospital Association.

Joseph Hamilton Wilson, b.1863; d.1919. Your editor's father. Was lawyer and C. P. A. Married Effa May Handy, b.1876; d.1962.

Cara Helen Mary Wilson (sitting in chair) b.1877. She married Will Wicks, who was state horticulturist for Idaho.

BUZ INGALLS: Newport

By Joe Wilson

ABOUT HALFWAY out on the headland where Yaquina Head lighthouse stands a mile at sea from Agate Beach, a cottage sits on a little shelf not far above a cove where small boats can be moored.

Winfield Scott "Buz" Ingalls lives in the cottage. On a clear night he can look out south and see the neons casting a glow over the town his grandfather, Sam Case, established in 1866 and named Newport. Daytimes he can see the jetties at the entrance to Yaquina bay and the three miles of beach and low headlands between.

The surf and the ever-rolling Pacific beyond suggest the eternity that "Buz" calmly awaits in his snug nook under the promontory.

Born in February, 1895, in the Ocean house which his grandfather built in 1866, where now stands the Coast Guard headquarters, Buz grew into a tall, slim youth. He was at home in or on the water, ran along the beaches and the trails in the sandy hills surrounding Yaquina bay, straight as an arrow and as free as an Indian.

He quickened the heartbeat of many a summer girl who visited the resort area, not to mention the home grown beauties.

Away to Arizona to stay with an aunt and finish high school, he took up commercial art and singing.

He practiced his profession in Newport where, in 1913, he had the first sign shop in town. Back to Phoenix and more study, he enlisted the day after Wilson declared war and was off to the Army air corps for the duration.



After the war he went to a voice school, along with Lawrence Tibbet, in southern California where a rich man offered him the same opportunity. Tibbet had to go east for more training, but Buz had seen enough of the enslavement of the entertainment crowd to shun that life. He preferred the freedom as a professional artist.

As a professional artist in Hollywood and as an singer, Buz spent over twenty years in southern California, then returned to Newport to be with his aging mother, and opened a sign shop again. He retired from this a couple of years ago.

He was nicknamed "Buzzer" by a sister who couldn't say brother. Shortened to "Buz" he has gone through life thus. He is having his gravestone carved "Buz" with one "z" like in Genesis Chapter 22, verse 21.

James Craigie, an Orkney Islander, who joined the Hudson's Bay company in 1839, married a Bannock Indian girl in the high country which is now Idaho. Their daughter Mary was Mrs. Sam Case. Buz's mother, Ida, was a daughter of the Cases.

Buz is the last of that tribe in the Yaquina bay country and is inordinately proud of his Bannock blood.

LETTERS

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

Your last issue of *Corvallis* brings back a lot of happy memories of my younger days with you, Robert Fulton, Dean Patterson, Ray Bethers, Robert Kerr and others of our gang. In spite of the bad moments that we gave to Henry Robinson, none of us has ended up in the Salem penitentiary as predicted.

Victor M. Trask, M.D.
Pasadena, California

Dear Editor Wilson:

I got a lot of fun out of reading the latest issue of your magazine. We came there in about 1893, and I can remember most of those people whom you mention.

I am enclosing a picture of the Graham & Wortham drugstore, in which is shown Mr. Wortham, Jim Emery, our night watchman, and Tom Graham's little boy, Tom, Jr. The other picture is of the writer who was a drug clerk there in about 1912.

George H. Miller, M.D.
Tulsa, Oklahoma



DR. GEORGE H. MILLER



THE GRAHAM & WORTHAM DRUGSTORE, 1912, ON SECOND STREET WHERE THE WILSON PET SHOP NOW IS LOCATED. LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. WORTHAM, TOM GRAHAM, JR., JIM EMERY. PHOTO BY COURTESY OF DR. GEORGE H. MILLER.

Dear Editor Wilson:

The two pictures on page 15 of your last issue bring to me some very ancient and vivid memories.

The lower picture showing the 1895 graduating class of Philomath College recalls my association with the Wyatt boys when attending the primary grade at the same school in the mid-1890's. Their father conducted a grocery store in Philomath when coffee, for instance, was sold as it came from the plantation and before sugar was bleached or granulated as it is now.

The upper picture of the brick college of Philomath could tell a sordid story if it could talk. It was built over a hundred years ago by the United Brethren church, an organization that at one time held 7th place in membership numbers in the United States.

During the 1890's a church quarrel caused a wide open split of the membership and much bitter feeling between former friends. It resulted in extended court action throughout the country, wherever the church owned property.

The cause of the church split stemmed from a difference of opinion regarding church dogma. The original rules provided that no member could belong to any secret society, such as the Odd Fellows, the Masons, or the grange. Strong sentiment within the church in favor of changing the rules to permit lodge membership continued, and when the National Board made the record change, the litigation began in full force and lasted several years.

The faction who favored the change to permit the joining of secret societies became known as the "Liberals," and those opposed, as the "Radicals." After several years of bitter litigation the Liberals won out, and the building shown in the picture became the property of that faction, and they continued to maintain school until it became impossible because of lack of patronage.

When the court granted the existing property to the Liberal group, the Radicals bought a site and erected a building which served not only as a place of worship but was also used as a college. To an outsider the whole thing seemed ridiculous, as the maintaining of two colleges in a town with only a few hundred population did not make sense, especially in view of the fact that the state college at Corvallis was only five miles away.

Nevertheless, for many years prior to the litigation, the college at Philomath served a good purpose, and many fine graduates were turned out. The

teaching staff was composed of well informed men and women who taught for the love of their work rather than for the money consideration. This, too, was before the larger college at Corvallis got going in a comprehensive way.

John A. Gellatly
Wenatchee, Washington

Editor's Note: Mr. Gellatly passed away about the middle of July, 1963. We will have a story about his eventful life in a forthcoming issue.

Dear Editor Wilson:

....Your excellent magazine, which is getting better all the time....In fact, yesterday my mail box was full of current periodicals, but your spring issue was read before I even opened the others.

Mrs. Frances Wiles Cannon
La Grande, Oregon



Mrs. James Wilson and Agnes Hayden on the sidewalk leading up to the Alsea hotel, about 1910. The Dorsey house is in the background. Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Dan Chamberlain.



OFFICE OF THE CORVALLIS "TIMES" ABOUT 1890, LOCATED UPSTAIRS ABOVE THE GRAHAM & WORTHAM DRUGSTORE (NOW WILSON'S PET SHOP). MAN AT LEFT WAS NEIL NEWHOUSE. AT RIGHT, WITH DERBY HAT, WAS ROBERT JOHNSON, OWNER AND EDITOR. JOHNSON SOLD OUT TO B.F. IRVINE IN 1893. THE LATE DICK GRAHAM WAS THE FIRST NEWSBOY.

WHEN MR. IRVINE BOUGHT THE "TIMES" HE ALSO ACQUIRED THE "LEADER," ANOTHER CORVALLIS NEWSPAPER, AND CONSOLIDATED THEM INTO A STRONG LOCAL WEEKLY. HIS EDITORIALS ATTRACTED SAM JACKSON, PUBLISHER OF THE PORTLAND "JOURNAL," WHO HIRED HIM AWAY FROM CORVALLIS. ALTHOUGH HE BECAME BLIND, HE WAS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "OREGON JOURNAL" FOR MANY YEARS AND BECAME A NATIONALLY FAMOUS EDITOR.

(PHOTO COURTESY OF DR. VICTOR M. TRASK)

Dear Editor Wilson:

The football players shown on the cover of your Spring 1963 issue are: left; H. Earle (Rat) Rinehart, quarterback, deceased 1960. He was my twin brother.

right; Joe (Smiley) Emily, end, now living in Portland.

They were on the 1907, OAC team that won the Pacific Coast championship.

J. Carle Rinehart, M.D.
Portland, Oregon

Note: "Rat" Rinehart also became an M.D. He founded the well-known Rinehart sanitarium at Wheeler, Oregon.

Dear Editor Wilson:

Perhaps you may be smart to deal with local history and anecdotes to get up sales--but I liked better the old Northwest Challenge, where you boldly challenged just about anyone and anything, with a horizon as wide as the world, and with ideas as penetrating as you could find writers to write.

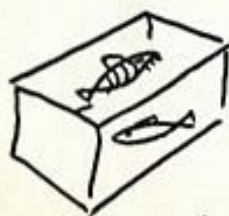
Tertius Chandler
Gothenburg, Sweden

Dear Editor Wilson:

I think you should mix in a little of today and a dash or two about tomorrow.

"Hi" Howe
Chicago, Illinois

Wilson's 225 S. 2nd PET SHOP



TROPICAL FISH
and a complete
line of supplies
and tank equipment

CANARIES
PARAKEETS
PARROTS



"Hey you Dogs! Come
in and get a big
Rawhide Chewey Bone."

YOU GOT FLEAS?
WORMS? ITCH?

WE GOT STUFF AND THINGS FOR YOU



North jetty at Yaquina Bay is being extended 1,800 feet in a \$5,376,000 project.

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Supplier of decorative and educational forest cones. 15 years shipping to every State. Visitors are welcome to our Shop anytime.

Call Helen Sawin for appointment or club demonstration.

Plaza 3-8568

1925 Brooklane, Corvallis, Oregon



Drug Company Chooses Newport as Location To Establish Plant

A new drug manufacturing firm will be established at Newport, the first project attracted by Lincoln Development Company.

Kapsun Laboratories expects to have a plant in operation within 180 days, according to William Kapranos, Fullerton, Calif., president of the new Newport firm. Initial product will be an antiseptic now manufactured in Portland. Other products are planned.

Kenneth Dodd, president of Lincoln Development, said the \$225,000 project includes \$50,000 by the Kapsun Company, a \$75,000 plant to be erected by Lincoln Development, and \$100,000 in working capital to be provided by another Newport corporation.